DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1900. NUMBER 1

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

SPEECH.

Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt,
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come:
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk Health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale,
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE BUSINESS VENTURE OF CISSY JAYNE.

The tall young man at the desk by the big window looked up with a start. There was something strangely familiar about the little figure in the doorway. He arose hurriedly from his chair.

"Why, it's Cissy!" he cried and stepped forward. The child's figure swayed toward him, and he caught it in his arms.

"George Henderson," a tired voice panted, "why don't you live up to heaven and be done with it?"

"What is it Cissy?" cried the young man as he placed the child in the great padded chair in the corner and unfastened her big hat and anxiously looked her over.

"It's those eight flights of stairs, George," the faint voice panted. "But I'm all right. Just gimme time to get my breath."

"Gracious, Cissy, did you walk up?" The tired head weakly nodded.

She was a slender girl of perhaps a dozen years. Her features were prominent, her eyes keen, her chin aggressive. Her light hair was brushed tightly back from her face, and this emphasized the sharpness of her features and her look. She was very neatly dressed and under one arm carried two handsomely bound books.

"Why in the world didn't you take the elevator, Cissy?"

Her breath was coming back now, and she smiled up at the young man and lifted one eyebrow in a whimsical way.

"I'll tell you, George," she answered. "I went into the vesty-bool, way down by the sidewalk, you know, and I was just going to step into the elevator when the fresh kid in brass buttons that runs it pointed to a sign on the wall While I was reading it he runned the elevator up. You know the sign. It's the one that says, 'No book agents, peddlers or dogs allowed in this building.' I read it and walked up."

"But I don't see"—began the puzzled young man.

"George Henderson," cried the girl, "don't you look at me as if you thought I took myself for a a dog! I'm a book agent."

"A book agent, Cissy Jayne?"

"Yes, a book agent, George Henderson. Is there anything the matter with my being a book agent?"

"Certainly not," laughed the young man. "It's an ancient and an hon rable pr fe sion, even if a rude and unappreciative janitor does classify it with peddlers and dogs. But how did you happen to adopt it."

The girl scowled at him.

"See here, George Porgie," she snapped, "don't you give me any of your Harvard talk. Kindergarten words is good enough for me. I am a book agent 'cause dad put it in my head. At the table yesterday he got mad at me and said I had brass enough for a book agent. 'Do you think I'd make a good book agent, dad?' says I. 'It's just what you're fitted for,' he growled. And so this noon I picked two books of mine from the big bookcase and started out."

"See here, Cissy Jayne," cried the young man, "you don't mean to say that you came all the way down town alone? How did you do it?"

"With a nickel and a transfer," giggled the child.

"And your father, and—and Miss Ethel don't know where you are?"

"No, they don't."

"I'll telephone to them at once," said the young man, as he turned toward the phone.

"Don't do it," cried the child. "Papa Jayne is down town at his office and of course hasn't missed me, and Sister Ethel is out to luncheon with Mamie Oliver, and she won't miss me until she comes back, and now let me ask your attention to these nice books. They are very choice. One is 'Little Women,' by the author of "Little Men," and the other is "Little Men," by the same author. They are nice moral books. There are pitchoors in them. Lemme put down your name for both."

"Good," cried George Henderson; "very good. Your father was quite right. You have found your profession and you are sure to rise in it."

"Haven't I already come up eight stories?" laughed the child. Then she quickly added. "Do you take the books?"

"I have so many books now," laughed the young man.

"You'd better take them," said the child. "I've got something to say to you about Sister Ethel."

The young man started.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Cissy," he said. "I'll take them on approval."

"What's that?"

"It means that I'll take them and look them over," replied the young man, "and if I like them I'll keep them and pay you for them. If I don't like them, I'll return them to you."

"Is that straight, George?"

"Certainly. Besides, Cissy, you know the elevator boy can't keep you out if you haven't the books with you."

"All right, George. I'll trust you."

"And now, Cissy, what have you to say to me about Ethel?"

But the child had perched herself on the broad window sill, looking down on the Public square, and was softly humming, "Hello, My Baby." She paid no attention to George's inquiry. George looked at her curiously.

"Cissy," he said, "Now would you like a heaping plate of ice cream?"

The child nodded, but did not cease her tune George smiled and glanced at his watch.

"Cissy," he said, "what do you say to getting the heaping plate of ice cream and then going over to the matinee of 'Jack and the Beanstalk?'"

Cissy looked around quickly.

"Honest?" she cried. George nodded. She sprang to the window sill. "You're a darling," she murmured, and snatched up her hat.

"Plenty of time," said George. "You were going to tell me something, you know."

"Yes," assented Cissy, "I know. It's about Ethel."

"It's about Ethel," softly repeated George.

"Well," said Cissy, "she ain't been happy a minute since you quarreled with her."

"I didn't quarrel with her," protested George.

"Well, I heard some of it," said Cissy, "and even if Ethel is my sister, I don't think you ought to put all the blame on her. She felt awful bad about it. I slept with her that night, 'cause Aunt Laura came to see us, and I heard her crying. And yesterday—well, you know there's a basket of photographs on the piano, and ma expects me to keep the piano dusted, and sometimes I forget it, and I sneaked in the parlor, and there was Ethel looking at your photograph, and when she saw me she shoved it in the pile and walked away, and I looked on the top of the piano and there was four big teadrops in the dust. Say, what was it you quarreled about—Annie Pleasanton?"

"I believe her name was mentioned," said George.

"Somebody told Ethel that they saw you and Annie riding together in the park, didn't they?"

"I believe so," admitted George.

"Yes," said Cissy calmly. "That was me."

"You told her that," cried George.

"Yes," said Cissy sweetly, "I told her. She wouldn't let me wear her second best hat."

George looked black for a moment, then his face cleared. He turned abruptly and steped to the phone.

"E 7,301 L," he called.

"Knows it by heart," murmured Cissy.

"Is Miss Ethel there?" inquired George. "Yes, I wish to speak to her."

"George," cried Cissy, "don't you forget that the girl at the exchange is listening to every word you say."

"Is that you, Ethel?" inquired George at the phone. "Yes, it's George. I wanted to tell you that Cissy is here with me. Yes, she's all right, and I hope you didn't worry much. Yes. She came on business. She had a little confession to make."

"George Henderson!" cried Cissy.

"I will explain it all to you when I come up. Yes, I'm coming to dinner if you will let me. Cissy is going with me to a matinee and then we'll come up together. What's that's? Cissy isn't dressed to go anywhere? Why, I fancy she's got on her best clothes."

"Much you know about it," snorted Cissy.

"Anyway, she is looking charming."

"Ring off!" cried Cissy.

"I—I think that's all until we meet—goodbye." And George reluctantly rang off.

"If I hadn't been here," said Cissy, "you'd have most likely melted that wire."

"All ready?" queried the smiling George as he took up his hat.

"All ready," said Cissy with great alacrity. "And my stock—the books, you know?"

"I'll take care of them," said George.

"Two more excuses for coming up," giggled Cissy.

"Come along," cried George.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Some Parrot Stories.

A batch of interesting parrot stories is related by the *Youth's Companion*. A gay parrot from Algeria was presented to the keeper of the lighthouse at Portland Head, Maine. The bird soon noticed that wherever a fog began to blow in from the sea, somebody would cry out: "Fog coming! Blow the horn!" One day a fog came up suddenly, and no one seemed to notice it But if everybody else was off guard, Poll was not. When nobody was thinking of fog, the parrot suddenly croaked out: "Fog coming! Blow the horn!" From that time, the parrot constituted itself weather observer. Whenever fog is perceptible, Poll always gives warning.

A parrot just as clever, but not so useful, was an inmate of Cochrane's ship on a cruise off the Norwegian coast. The hospitable Norwegians were invited to visit the British frigate. Ladies were hoisted on board by means of a chair fastened to a rope running over the yard. Whenever the chair reached the deck, the order was given, "Let go!"

While one of the lady visitors was still in midair, the ship's parrot called out "Let go!" in such a clever imitation of the boatswain's voice, that the sailors were deceived, and down went lady and chair into the sea. This parrot's imitation of the boatswain's pipe, was so perfect that it sometimes brought up the ship's company at a run.—*Exchange.*

Unexpected Resources.

Mr. Rambo, moving vaguely and uncertainly toward his home at a late hour, was held up by a footpad, who went through all his pockets and fonud a quarter of a dollar.

"Shay," hiccoughed Mr. Rambo, surprised himself at the extent of his portable wealth, "how ju know I had all that left?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE FLOATING GARDEN OF CALIFORNIA.

Not only the mainland, but the islands of California, which rise from the sea like submerged mountain peaks, have wonderful floating gardens, through which vessels often plough with difficulty in entering the small harbors which dot the coast. At Santa Barbara the entrance of the bay is a maze of floating vegetation, and the islands off the coast, especially Santa Catalina, are more or less surrounded.

The floating gardens are formed of long streams of kelp, which, attached to the bottom, grow upward to a distance of from fifty to five hundred feet, throwing out broad leaves and air-bulbs, which act as so many balloons to support them. The effect of this is to give a perfect forest of broad green leaves, rising upward and presenting a sharp contrast to the blue water in which they grow. Gracefully in appearance, they turn at every whim of the tide. Now floating directly upward, their leaves high above water and caught by the breeze, again reaching away in long streams, they are among the most striking and beautiful objects of the submarine world. When in shore the huge plants assume a vertical position, and become floating gardens in reality. In the bay of Avalon, they present so many attractions that boats have been constructed especially to float over them and afford the occupants an opportunity to observe the wonders of the ocean world.

These boats are all provided with large plate-glass windows set into the bottom so the observer can sit in the boat and gaze down through the window and see intensified small animals. Some of these boats are propelled by oars; others are double catamarans which bear a sort of house, and hold twenty people, and are propelled over the floating gardens by an engine. The glass, as suggested, magnifies objects, and in floating along one can almost imagine himself under the water and roaming at will in these gardens of the sea. With the bent down over the window, a series of marine wonders meets the eye. Each leaf or frond is covered with patches of color, which represent varied animals or plants; some are purple, red, green or yellow. Here are delicate sea anemones, which so resemble blooming flowers that they can scarcely be distinguished from the true flowers of the land. At the slightest noise they close up, withdrawing their many-colored tentacles, then slowly blooming out again.

Here are minute plant-like creatures that are really animals, though growing in a shrub like form, and among the wonders of this floating garden are some that give birth to minute young which become jelly-fishes, to float away and at night fill the ocean with a wonderful phosphorscent light Strange shells crawl upon the great leaves; crabs that mimic their colors perfectly, and fishes of the exact tint cling to them, safe in this resemblance, from many enemies. The long leaves, when unaffected by the current, rise directly upward and form a maze of arches down among which many strange forms are to be seen. Directly on the bottom a large octopus comes limping along, throwing out its eight sucker lined arms, moving in a strange fashion, waves of color passing slowly over it, that seem to adapt it to the color of the bottom over which it is passing. Near by we catch a glimpse of a cousin, the argonant or nautilus, crawling along, holding its delicate shell over its head.

In the crevices of the rocks are black-hued echini, a perfect maze of bristling pins and needles, which wave to and fro and resent the intrusion of any enemy. These are the ground dwellers of this garden, but there are other forms, fishes which vie with one another and the birds of the land in their beauty of color. They poise among the leaves and present strange contrasts. One is of a brilliant gold hue with fins, whose graceful movements constitute an attractive feature of the garden. Scores of little fishes glide by that are veritable gems in the brilliancy of their ornamentation, bright, jewel-like spots appearing here and there over their surfaces. Suddenly the small fry rush away, as a mighty form glides slowly through the garden. It is the king of the bass, a fish five feet long of a rich mahogany tint, whose home is in these gardens of the sea. Following, we shall see a silvery fish with a yellow tail, and a stripe, along its sides.

Perhaps the most remarkable denizen of the floating garden is a fish about a foot in length, so grotesque in shape that is almost impossible to distinguish it from the weed. Its head and back are covered with tentacle-like growths, while its color is an exact imitation of the weed. The curious fish builds a nest in the kelp by winding the weed in and out, forming a ball in which the eggs are deposited and the young reared.

These gardens are not always the serene places of refuge we now see them. At night the seals and sea lions from the various rookeries swim along shore, enter the garden and feed upon the fishes, dashing in and out among the arches and making eager efforts to capture them. At night the scene is often a strange one, down through the glass window, as nearly all of the animals of the garden are light-givers; where during the day the sun's rays illume them, now mystic lights play on an infinite variety of forms, and the kelp-beds are scenes of light and beauty beyond power of description.—*New York Observer.*

The Brain in Sleep.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL CAUSES THAT PRODUCE DREAMS.

Dreams are generally a repetition of thoughts unguided by reason. Those caused by internal action or brought about by action within the body are due entirely to the action and state of the stomach, which in turn is affected by the quantity and quality of food consumed.

The first ends or feelers of the nerves are located in the walls of the stomach, and as the food is digested they draw up the nourishment and distribute it throughout the nervous system to replace the waste that has taken place during the day. If the stomach be surcharged with an abundance of heating food, too much nourishment is forced upon the brain, causing an abnormal filling of the channels, thereby expanding them, bringing them in touch with others and causing the matter from one to overflow into or to mix with the fluid of neighboring channels. Whenever the fluid traverses a channel more or less forcibly the thought which originated that passage is reproduced more or less vividly; hence insures the general mixing up of thoughts which originally had no connection with each other.

An overloaded stomach also causes a flow of blood to the brain, sent there by nature to assist in assimilating the extra nourishment, and the overcharged blood vessels, pressing upon the nerve channels near the brain, cause even more turbulent disturbances. This accounts for the advice of so many medical men that no considerable quantity, especially of animal food, should be taken immediately before bedtime. The crossing, recrossing and touching of these thought channels brought about in this way produce the absurd mixtures of fancies that often come to us when we sleep.

The stomach, too, is a mill which keeps on forever grinding, the walls acting as the grindstones. When, therefore, there is nothing between them, or, in other words, when the stomach is empty, one wall grinds upon the other causing an irritation of the nerves which produces that peculiar sensation of falling from some great height.

To understand how external action will affect the dream of a sleeper it must be borne in mind that those dreams which seem to take hours, and even days, in passing, really occupy but a minute fraction of a second. If, therefore, we are awakened by some loud, strident moise, say by the cracking of a whip, then between the time that the sound strikes the ear while we are yet asleep and the time that we are fully awake to realize what has caused the sound a few moments only have elapsed, but those few moments were sufficient to allow of a dream of apparently several hours' duration.

As an example: A milkma driving up beneath an open bedroom window, cracks his whip smartly. Immediately the thought produced by the sound cause a dream. The sleeper imagines himself a soldier who has fallen into the hands of the enemy. He is led out to be shot. He stands blindfolded, with hands tied, before the platoon of soldiers. He hears the click, click, click as the rifles are cocked. He hears the word given, and the noise of the volley rings out on his ears. Then he awakes with a start, to hear the rumble of the milkman's wagon as he cracked his whip and drove off over some rough cobble stones.

A blow, a cut or a sensation of pain will operate in the same way and awaken certain channels of thought connected with pain just as the noise awoke those connected with sound.

For instance, a sleeper dreams that he is closed up in some close traveling carriage, and is being driven rapidly off in an unknown direction by a man who has designs upon his purse and life. He tries to shout, in vain he struggles to get free and in the tussle drives an arm thought the glass window of the carriage. The hand is cut and bleeding. It smarts fearfully and he awakes to find that in his sleep he had carelessly thrown out an arm, and his hand has smashed some fine medicine glass on a stand by the bedside. The whole dream passed between the time that hand first struck the glass, creating the sensation of pain, and the moment that the sleeper awoke to realize the fact.—*Chicago Record.*

Bottomless Holes.

Up near the course of the little river of Malmani there is a strange round hole in the rocks a few yards in diameter descending perpendicularly down to the unknown. In that hole there is nothing. It is empty. The neighbors say a stone dropped into it is never heard of again. These good people, though, are not given to throwing in many, even when the protecting parson is there on his rounds. They gravely suspect a too free indulgence might prove an annoyance to an irritable personage whom they would rather not see on their level in that part of the world and whose visits in anger they would be loath to receive.

Though this hole is empty, there is another, somewhat larger, close to, it which is not empty. This other is full of water almost up to the brim, and it has upon it a floating island of grass which shifts from side to side with every change of the wind. To find further example of the same sort of herbage it is necessary to go 600 miles northward, well into the hot district in the tropics.

Boers say of this second pit they have endeavored to sound it, using 12 dozen rawhide thongs (reins) tied end to end, a line, say 200 fathoms with a big stone as sinker, but without striking bottom. The sinker and line, at the lowest, were pulled sharply away to the side, as if a strong current were coursing below

Upon that they ceased to investigate further. You see, they were meddling in things which didn't concern them and risking encounters with powers best left alone. So how deep it may be we do not know yet. Some day a bolder spirit may tell us.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

LOST.—On the evening of Wednesday, December 27th, at the Christmas festival at St. Ann's, or in going to or from the church and 157th Street, West, a hat pin set in small Rhine stones; highly prized as a keepsake by the owner. The finder will be rewarded by sending it to the office of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

WANTED—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary $65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. MANAGER, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago.

The Brooklyn Guild's Christmas Tree.

Although the Brooklyn Guild held its Christmas Tree Party one day after that of the Manhattan Guild's, a fair assemblage resulted.

The old man Santa, who usually presides, was absent on this occasion, although a hint was made by a Brookiyn writer in the JOURNAL that this year Brooklyn had enough talent to select from to personify Santa Claus, instead of importing a Professor fron Manhattan. The absence of Santa Claus made little difference, as the committee attended to the details of distributing the presents, which were up to the standard of former years, if not better. There were perhaps some defects, but they were excusable, as you know it is easy to find fault with any kind of arrangement of any sort, but pretty hard to manage one to perfection to meet the requirements and tastes of all. Taken all in all the affair was, in the estimation of many, a success; but that it can be improved upon there is no doubt. If the deaf of Brooklyn desire successful parties of this character they can have them by giving such their co-operation in various ways.

Messrs. Wilkinson, Greis and Green distributed presents from the table, which corresponded with the numbers on the tickets the holders possessed. Some of the presents were very pretty, while some were amusing, but all were good, hence there was no fault to find with this. As to refreshments, there were none, but the assemblage forget about that, as there was enough excitement, and most of them enjoyed meeting one another and exchanging compliments of the season, which at this time of the year is just and proper for fellow men to wish only good to each ether. From the affair a profit was no doubt realized which will go towarding aiding less fortunate deaf-mutes, so those who paid a small sum of money had a good time, and besides aided a good cause.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES

JANUARY 7TH, FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y. Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Holy Communion.
Trinity Church, Newark.
St. Andrew's Church, Stamford, Conn.

WYOMING VALLEY.

James Williams intended to go to Tunkhannock, Pa., but was late and missed the train. Instead of being sorry he should be glad. Why? Well, the train that he missed came in collision with another train. Fifty were killed. If he had been on that train he would probably been among those who were killed. He had a narrow escape, and should thank his stars. Mr. Williams is Janitor of the Hillard Grove School.

Miss Kate Aub, of Philadelphia, was in Lopez, Pa., to see her father who is very ill.

Several deaf-mutes of the Mt. Airy School are home for the holidays. They return to school on January 2d, 1900.

John Barth, a deaf-mute plumber, of Retreat, Pa., has been suffering from pain in his right waist since last November.

Miss Anna Byron, of Wilkes Barre, was at Allentown two weeks ago, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Young. We can not say when she will return home. A place in the shirt factory is open to her.

Several deaf-mute girls who used work at Gallard's factory, work there no more. One has gone to Philadephia to attend school, and another's poor health compelled her retirement, for the present at least. There are two working there now. They are the Misses Edith and Carrie Evans.

Lloyd Hutichison is working in Scranton, Pa.

Mrs. Robert Davis, *nee* Miss Anna Olive, was a visitor in Scranton, Pa., on Christmas. She has returned to her home in Kingston.

J. H. B.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, - - - - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THIS issue begins Volume XXIX of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Every week, for twenty-eight years, it has gone to the homes of the deaf throughout the country, and in foreign lands, freighted with news concerning the deaf, their schools, churches, conventions, picnics and excursions, balls and social parties; in fact everything that could interest, elevate, or entertain deaf-mutes has been quickly and accurately reported.

All the news that is worth printing is printed. That which tends to debase or to detract from the welfare of the deaf as a class, has been uniformly ignored on the one hand, and energetically combatted on the other.

How much of the general prosperity of our class is due to the newspapers published in their interests, it would be impossible to estimate. The newspaper educates the public as no other medium can. It disseminates knowledge, encourages worthy enterprise, and condemns and vanquishes what is unjust and hurtful. It mirrors the opinions of the most intelligent, and sends broadcast the thoughts of the brightest and ablest. It deserves united popular support, because it is the bulwark of liberty, the conservator of truth, and the vehicle of popular enlightenment.

During the year just closed, everything of importance to the deaf, has been duly chronicled in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The new device for enabling the deaf to hear—the akoulallion—has been tested and fully described. It holds forth promise for a great many deaf children; and who knows but it heralds the day when every case of deafness will be overcome. Then the two doctors, one in Georgia and the other of Boston, who proclaim that all deaf people can be made to hear, have in these columns been estimated at their worth; which is that the "hard of hearing" may be cured, a fact that has always been recognized. With the totally deaf, such a statement is absurd.

The year 1899 has been made conspicuous in other ways. First, the long-expected conclusions, from the statistics gathered by Dr. E. A. Fay, concerning the liability of the deaf to transmit their affliction to their offspring, have been sent forth in a bulky volume entitled "Marriages of the Deaf in Am-rica," and have, in a measure, refuted that bugaboo yclept "a deaf variety of the human race." The Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf met at Northampton in June, and gave quite an impetus to its work by establishing a periodical, from which great things in the line of progress are expected. It also marked the retirement of Dr. Gillett as president, and made the office of Secretary-Treasurer still more important by adding to the work of its incumbent (Prof. Booth,) the duty of editing the association's magazine.

While additional school buildings have been, or are about to be, erected in Ohio, Michigan, Texas, Hartford, Western Pennsylvania, and Mississippi, the year has been marked by two disastrous fires, in which the principal buildings of the Arkansas and the Western Pennsylvania Institutions have been totally destroyed.

We have been honored during the past year by a visit from a distinguished deaf gentleman, of Christiania, Norway, Mr. Lars A. Havstad, sent here by the parliament of his country to investigate the condition of adult deaf-mutes in the United States, and to inquire into the methods of educating deaf children.

The deaf have held conventions in New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri and New Hampshire, all of which were replete with good work and which were reported in full in the columns of the JOURNAL. But by far the most important convention was that of the National Association of the Deaf, held in St. Paul, Minnesota, during the month of July. It was a gathering of educated deaf gentlemen and ladies such as no other country could produce, and in itself was a living exhibit of the superiority of the "Combined System" of instruction. This association will be greatly in evidence in coming years, and will obtain recognition and exert influence far beyond that of any organization of the deaf in this or any other country.

The invitation and selection of delegates to the World's Congress of the Deaf, to be held in Paris, France, this year, coming from the high authority and direction of the Minister of the Interior, is evidence of the more and more important part the deaf are playing in the solution of problems which concern them and their educational institutions, and augurs renewed energy and greater progress for this year of grace one thousand nine hundred.

THE editor of the California *News* suggests the question: Which is the most dangerous, the editor or the dynamo? The problem is difficult of solution, and the thoughtless should heed his advice to "beware of both."

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

Ten days after the fire the ruins were still smoking. The girls' wing was not so utterly destroyed as the rest of the building, although the roof and upper floors are gone. On this part of the building the fireman got in their work most effectively, and put out the fire before the whole was consumed, and this is very conclusive evidence that, had there been plenty of water at first, the flames could have been confined to one part of the big building. But what's the use of speculating as to what might have been?

The fire caused widespread interest throughout the country. On Sunday after the destruction of the buildings, hundreds of visitors came from every direction to see the ruins. The streams of people kept up all day long, and there were cameras by the score taking views of the most interesting scenes about the place and there were, indeed, some very interesting views to be had. For instance there was a corner of the kitchen with the range and pots and pans in place, just where they were when preparations for supper were in progress on the fatal day. Nearly all the resident deaf of Pittsburg were out and spent the greater part of the day viewing the ruins, and discussing what might and what might not have been. Many reminiscences of school life within the burned building were told and speculation was rife as to what sort of buildings would take the place of the ruins. It is tolerably safe to say it won't be *one* large towering edifice like the old one.

The Matron, Miss Clemens, who was conducting visitors through the building (it was visiting day), discovered the presence of smoke simultaneously with others, and notified those on the lower floors. Attention was thus brought to the fire above and below it at the same time.

The report that one of the firemen had died of his injuries was erroneous, although the injuries of two were very serious indeed. All will recover, but it will be long before they can go about their business again.

For a day or two after the dispersion of the pupils, Mr. Downing was kept on the jump. His duty was to keep track of the location of pupils, and as he lives just across the street from the school, his doorbell was kept so hot there was danger of another conflagration. Only prompt attention to the calls prevented another catastrophe. Friends of the pupils called at all hours of the day and night to be assured that all were safe. Some of the parents of the pupils who had obtained only an imperfect knowledge of the fire, imagined their children had been victims of a holocaust, and there were some pathetic, not to say ludicrous, scenes enacted at Mr. Downing's door.

As a rule the parents of pupils were thankful their children were safe, and a few complaints were made about losses sustained. All the pupils have now returned to their homes for an enforced winter vacation. We hope it will be short, but fear it may be prolonged till Spring. There was more difficulty in securing suitable quarters for reopening school than was at first expected. All the teachers, except those who reside here, have also gone home.

Principal Burt and his clerk, Miss Williams, have been very busy persons since the fire. It seems almost impossible for them to get time to sleep. So many things must be attended to, and all so urgent that they are compelled to put in many extra hours of hard work. The work, too, must be done under trying disadvantage and inconvenience.

Miss Clemens is also a very busy individual, although her field of labor has been greatly reduced in size, at least.

While the fire was at its height there were several loud explosions and fusillades of gunshots, the latter caused by batteries of Mr. Allabough's cartridges going off, but it is safe to say no birds were bagged this time. Mr. Allabough saved his bicycle, worth about $10, and for a week lamented the loss of his gun; worth $75. The gun was within easy reach when he took out the wheel, and he could not understand why he did not take it, too. Days afterwards when the salvage was sorted the gun turned up all right, and it was only then that he remembered he did take it out. This makes it suspicious that Mr. Allabough lost his head, for a while at least, during the fire.

A large number of potted plants were very carefully carried out, while more valuable articles, such as books and furniture, were left. One girl saved her thimble, another little one made a dive for her Bible, which she secured under her hat, and with her arms full of books soon reached a place of safety. One of the smaller boys, while the floors were falling, wanted to go in to get his hat. He was turned back and had to content himself with a handkerchief over his head.

Mr. Bardes thinks he came within an ace of losing his life three times during the fire; but then a miss is as good as a mile, and he is very much alive yet, and has been kept busy helping to put things to rights.

Somebody fished Mr. Teegarden's bicycle, or what was left of it, out of the ruins. It is a lovely looking affair of twisted wire and battered tubing. Any junk dealer can get a bargain if he will come around.

The office is now located in the hospital building, where Mr. and Mrs. Burt and the matron are comfortably housed. The assistant matron, Miss Hoover, has charge of the girls' industrial building and has it in good order.

Besides the above mentioned buildings, the boys' industrial building and the boiler house are in working order. The new kindergarten building is to be completed in the quickest possible time.

A temporary frame building for dining-room and kitchen will be erected at once. It will be 32x76 feet, with an L 40 feet, and two stories high. With these buildings completed, school will reopen, and it is hoped all who return can be cared for conveniently.

Suggestions for plans for new buildings are already coming in, and work on these will begin in earnest very soon.

Dr. Brown, the venerable President of the Board of Trustees, and father of the institution, stands the shock of the loss of the building for which he had labored so long and earnestly, heroically. We sincerely hope he will see the new buildings take the place of the ruins and enjoy his usual weekly visits in them for many years to come.

Little Viola Zelch, who was sick with pneumonia at the time of the fire, and whose life was despaired of just after, is now recovering. Good nursing brought her out of danger.

Mr. Stewart's son, Dean, is also very sick with membranous croup, and his life was reported in the balance, but at this writing he is a trifle better. G. M. T.

Struck by a Train.

Thomas Taggart, a recent graduate of the State School for Deaf-Mutes, at Trenton, N. J., and a disappointed aspirant for Gallaudet College honors, was struck by a train on the Greenwood Lake Division of the Erie Railroad on Friday evening, December 29th.

He was just about to step on the track, to cross it, when the train came rushing by and brushed him to the earth. A fraction of a second saved him from instant death.

His face was gashed, and he suffered from shock. He was taken to the Newark City Hospital, where it is said his recovery is certain.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Receptions on New Year's

THE DRAMATIC CLUB ENTERTAINS.

Sophs Win Bowling Tournament--Mr. McGregor Entertains the "Lit."

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1, 1900.—This is the first day of the year, and I will begin this letter by wishing all the JOURNAL readers and correspondents a happy New Year. The day is always marked by social events on the Green. President and Mrs. Gallaudet always hold receptions on New Year's day, as do the ladies of the families of the other members of the faculty, who are assisted by the young lady students. The ladies of the institution also receive. Prof. and Mrs. Draper did not receive today, having given their annual reception a few days ago. The day closes the holidays, and already the students who went away to spend the time are flocking back. The time during the occasion has been enlivened by an unusual number of socials, literary and dramatic entertainments. The Co-eds Jollity Club gave a literary party Wednesday night. The guests came in costumes, or brought objects suggesting the name of some book or author. Prizes were given to those who made the best guesses. Miss Lamson, '00, won first prize; Mr. Clark, '02, second prize, and Mr. Braithwaite, '01, got the booby prize.

Friday night the Saturday Night Dramatic Club gave a pantomime—"The Ups and Downs of Farmer Hayseed." The play was an original production, J. Sebastian Fisher, '01, President of the Club, being the author, and also the director of the play. The audience were not given time to stop laughing except between the acts, and the intermissions were only long enough for them to catch their breath. Something of an idea of how the play was acted may be gained from the synopsis, which follows with the cast of characters:

SYNOPSIS.

ACT. I.—*Scene*—Streets. Patronizing the saloon. The "yaller" kid's pranks. Sudden interruption of a political debate. Farmer Hayseed pierced by Cupid's dart. His shine. The saloonkeeper troubled by the kids. Caught at last.

ACT II.—*Scene*—Dining room in hotel. Eating under difficulties. Mysterious disappearance and appearance of things. "This must be a haunted house." How objects appear to the drunkard.

ACT III.—*Scene*—Sleeping apartments in hotel. Farmer Hayseed's duds, valise, etc., disappear. His slumbers interrupted. Duds recovered, he goes hunting.

ACT IV.—*Scene*—Barbershop. Liberally patronized. Farmer Hayseed's game. The "yaller" kids have more fun. Cruel treatment of the doll. What hair-restorer does. Final capture of the kids.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Farmer Hayseed	Mr. Fisher, '01
Doctor Nuguod	Mr. Schneider, '02
Policeman, Barber	Mr. Painter, '02
Cohen Isaacs	Mr. Runde, '01
Saloonkeeper, Waiter, Devil, Negrowoman, Hotel Porter, Bootblack	Mr. Strong, '02
Irishman, Plumber	Mr. Norris, '01
Kid Geo	Mr. Flick, '03
Kid Sam	Mr. Nichols, '01
Bearded Lady	Mr. Flick, '03
Newsboy, Dago	Mr. Wys, I. C.

The Jollity Club is to give a play to-night, but I have not received the announcement yet. Will give the details next week.

The Bowling Tournament closed Friday, the Sophomores being the winners this year. Two individual records were broken in one day, First by Painter, '02, who made a score of 194 pins; but held the record scarcely half an hour for Chambers, '03, followed with a score of 205. The class record was also broken on the same day by the Freshmen, represented by Chambers and Johnson, who together scored 378.

The score by classes:

Sophomores	1239
Freshmen	1184
Seniors	1173
Introductory Class	1089
Juniors	993

These scores are an improvement over any heretofore made, which speaks well for the players, as the alleys are in worse condition now than at any time before.

Mr. Robert P. McGregor, '72, entertained the members of the "Lit" and invited friends with his lecture "The Destruction of Jerusalem" Saturday night. All present were immensely pleased with the lecture. He was introduced to the audience by Prof. Draper, his old classmate, in his usual happy way.

The Washington Young Men's Christian Association is to give a cross-county run to-day. A. A. Leitch, I. C., is to represent Gallaudet. Norris, '01, is a judge at the turning point, which is to be over in Virginia. The course is to be six miles, and the winners will receive prizes.

Ye scribe, as well as all the other students, were somewhat surprised to hear of the marriage of Mr. A. Eickhoff, '98, and Miss Lennon, ex-'02, which took place Christmas day. Mr. Eickhoff, it will be remembered, preceded the writer as correspondent for the JOURNAL in college. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple. R. S. T.

REUNION IN TENNESSEE.

"Will the next Reunion be held at Knoxville in 1900?" is now asked by some deaf-mutes in Tennessee. As President of the Tennessee Society of the Deaf, I suppose I should say something as to the place and time, but the Board of Directors will decide this matter.

At Knoxville? Oh, yes. So many deaf-mutes wish to see their old school scenes there. This settles it. Free lodgings and meals at cost will be furnished at the Institution, I have no doubt, by the kindness of the authorities. Great improvements in the Institution and in the city of Knoxville will surprise and interest many ex-pupils. It goes without saying that the Directors are all in favor of Knoxville.

I think the best time is September, 1901. By September many deaf-mutes in this State of Tennessee have harvested their farm products; they are busy in Spring and Summer. I found out this by corresponding with them when the date was to be chosen for the first Reunion in Nashville during the Centennial Exposition in 1897. Deaf-mutes in Northern States have reunions usually in Summer, because they are mostly employed in factories, and easily get leave of absence in the heated term. But farming is the main industry in this State.

Knoxville in East Tennessee is far from the Middle and West Tennessee. The railroad fare will not be a small expense, and may prevent some from going. Times are getting better now, but not enough for many deaf-mutes. Full prosperity may not come till 1901. Let us be sure of one thing—success above all. That is, a large number must attend the meeting, whenever it may be.

Reunions are held only once in four years in Ohio, Missouri and other more populous States than Tennessee. This must be the result of experience. Why not follow suit. 1901 will be only four years since the Reunion in Nashville. Some think the By-Laws require that a Reunion be held every three years. They are mistaken. No number of years is specified at all. Any date can be designated by the Directors.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.—If any ex-pupil of the Tennessee School or deaf resident of Tennessee wishes the Reunion to be held this year, and intend to be present, they should SAY so by postal or in person to any of the Directors, as soon as possible—before April. They should say also what month suits them, if not September. The Directors are: L. A. Palmer, R. W. Branch, T. A. Main, Nashville; M. R. Mann, Mrs. L. A. Boughton, W. J. Kennedy and W. O. Branum, Knoxville.

If a good many say they prefer 1900, I will as President make a "call" for the Directors to decide. As required by the By-Laws of the Tennessee Society, a three months' notice of their decision will be given before the date of meeting. If they decide against 1900, no public notice will be given of such decision; it will be understood by all. Those who prefer 1901 may speak or not as they please. Their silence will be understood as favoring that year.

I hope I have made all this clear enough. Wishing a Happy New Year to one and all, I am

Yours truly,
L. A. PALMER.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 1, 1900.

Willing Contributor.

A good joke was sprung at the expense of the reporters by Councilman Culbertson this morning. He said a man came to him and wanted a dollar as a subscription to bury a reporter who had died penniless. Mr. Culbertson, after expressing some surprise, reached into his pocket and produced a five-dollar gold piece, and handing it to the man told him to go and bury five of them.—*Santa Barbara Independent.*

INDIANA NOTES.

James Lefever, of Anderson, Ind., is visiting his father's family, and seeing his host friends, at Cambridge City.

Edwin Binkley, of Germantown, has moved on to his father's farm, at Jacksburgh, Ind.

John McClure, of Crawfordsville, has obtained a nice job as a tailor.

Robert P. Jones, of Falmouth, Me., is dead at the ripe age of 71 years.

The Holidays of the World.

Thanksgiving Day comes nearer even than the Fourth of July to being a legal national holiday, for, although the Fourth of July is celebrated in some parts of the country where Thanksgiving Day is neglected, the President's proclamation gives to the latter a sort of official character that the former has not obtained. It is not for the Federal Government to tell the people of the United States when they shall quit business and take to pleasure. It is a matter for the States to establish legal holidays. The President in his Thanksgiving proclamation merely recommends that the people, neglecting their ordinary vocations, observe the day with proper ceremony. As a matter of fact, the people of the United States work harder and have fewer holidays than any other people in the world. This is not especially a characteristic of democracies, however, for the Australian colonies, which are hardly less democratic in their local government than the United States, keep more holidays than any other country in the world. All the important sporting events, whether cricketing or racing, are made the excuse for a general holiday. The usages as to holidays, legal and otherwise, in the several States of the Union greatly vary.

Louisiana seems to have more holidays than any other State. It observes January 8, the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans; Mardi Gras, on the eve of Lent; February 22, Washington's birthday; March 4, fireman's anniversary (in New Orleans); Good Friday; July 4; Labor Day in November and not September, as in most States; Christmas Day, and New Year's Day. Lee's birthday, January 19, is a holiday in Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia.

Lincoln's birthday, February 12, is a holiday in Illinois. Texas makes February 2, the anniversary of her independence, a holiday, and also April 21, the anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto.

Alabama and Georgia have a memorial day, or Decoration Day, on April 26, and North Carolina on May 10. North Carolina also celebrates, ten days later, the anniversary of the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence.

Florida celebrates Jefferson Davis's birthday, June 3. Utah keeps Pioneer's Day on July 24. Carolina keeps Admission Day on September 9, and Nevada on October 31. South Carolina keeps not only Christmas Day, but December 27, as well. This, doubtless, is a relic of slavery times, when in many parts of the South the negroes kept the whole week between Christmas and New Year's, when little or no work was done.

It was a sort of truce of God for the slave, who for this week lived as a free man and made merry. Arbor Day is observed in a constantly increasing number of States, and the Saturday half-holiday is gradually extending from State to State, though it is not strictly observed anywhere. Great Britain really has no public holiday that corresponds to the Fourth of July. There is no day when Britons of every political party and faction come together and celebrate in hearty accord a national event. Christmas is not even a legal holiday in England, though it is in Scotland. It is, of course, celebrated throughout the kingdom, but it was made a statutory holiday in Scotland, because otherwise the strong Puritan spirit prevailing there would have brought a neglect of the observance. In London the Saturday half-holiday is as much observed as Sunday. The Bank Holiday Act, passed at the instance of Sir John Lubbock, in 1871, made four legal holidays, Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the first Monday in August, and December 26. In Scotland the legal holidays are New Year's Day, the first Monday in May, the first Monday in August, and Christmas Day. Christmas Day and Good Friday are holy days but not legal holidays, in England. On these days all the theatres are compelled to close. This custom is being observed in New York by some managers. New Year's Day is the great holiday in Scotland. It is much more widely observed than Christmas Day, while New Year's Day is not observed at all in England. Guy Fawke's Day, November 5, is kept after a fashion in England, but it is not a day that Catholics care to remember, since it recalls a time when they were hated and suspected. The French observe New Year's Day, "Jour de l'an," in great pomp. The glory of that day has faded in New York, and New Year's calls are about extinct.

The Queen's birthday, which is totally neglected in Great Britain and Ireland, is observed with great enthusiasm in most of the colonies, especially in Canada. It is to the colonial Briton a rallying day that comes nearer the Fourth of July than any other in the year. The Canadians also have an annual Thanksgiving Day, generally a week earlier than ours. Scotchmen of all classes rally on St. Andrew's Day, and this is really a very important day in the English colonies, for Scotchmen have in large part made the colonies of Great Britain, and they are strong the world over, wherever the British flag flies. St. Andrew's Day is celebrated in China, in Malaysia, all over India, in South Africa, in Australia, in Canada, and in a hundred insignificant islands and small settlements. Burns' birthday is another Scotch holiday, though, of course, not a legal one. It is celebrated wherever Scotchmen are, and especially in this city. St. Patrick's Day and Orange Day are familiar to all sorts of people wherever the warring factions of Irishmen are found. The Welsh celebrate St. David's Day at home and abroad. There is a small Welsh colony in this city, with a few churches where the pastors preach in the Welsh tongue.

Many English workmen not only keep the Saturday half-holiday, but even Monday—St. Monday, as it is called. This day is sacred to those English workmen who keep up the British mechanic's old-time fame as a hard drinker. Even in this country Monday is a slack day following the too frequent Sunday debauch.

Englishmen in India keep not only their own but also the native holidays. There is Holi, a carnival of license, when the natives go about striking each other with bags of red powder, and their white garments are dusted as if with red pepper. There is Dipwali, the feast of lanterns, celebrated in gorgeous fashion not only all over India, but in China and Japan, a beautiful and, to the stranger, marvelous holiday. There is Dasera, when all the animals are decorated with flowers, and masters are expected to give presents to their servants in recognition of the holiday. This corresponds to Boxing Day in Great Britain, December 26th, when postmen, street sweepers, servants and employees of every class expect presents. Nearly every country has a gift-exacting day. The Saturday half-holiday is one that has existed in fact for a long time in various parts of the country. For many years it has been the practice of working people on the eastern shore of Maryland to quit work at noon on Saturday and to spend the rest of the day fishing, hunting or carousing. That is the day when the country negroes come to the villages; indeed, when all country folks visit the town. It is sometimes called Public Day, being the day when country folks drive to town to make their purchases. The village stores keep open later on Saturday night than any other night in the week, and every considerable village becomes a sort of business and social exchange. There is a disposition in New York City to extend the Saturday half-holiday through the whole year, and many self-employing men quit work at noon on Saturday the year round, in order to make excursions into the country that shall last over Sunday. While Monday is a holiday among Southern negroes. They commonly call it "Whistling Monday." In those Southern States largely settled by Catholics or Episcopalians the colored people celebrate feast days and fast days.

Brooklyn Guild Notice.

A meeting will be held in the Guild room of St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi street near DeKalb Avenue, on Thursday, January 11th, 1900, at eight P.M. All deaf-mutes and members are invited there welcome.

The object of the Guild is to help the needy and destitute among the deaf of Brooklyn. When any of the deaf are sick or needy, please send word to the president, Mr. A. J. McLaren, 199 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, or to the secretary at once. We can do the best way. We try to help.

G. GILBERT, *Secretary*,
485 St. John's Place.

Deaf May Now Hear.

ST. LOUIS, April 29.—William L. Skinner, of 2606 Locust street, has a patent by which he proposes to make the deaf hear clearly. It is an invisible electrical device thoroughly tested, and which he is willing for the Government to say whether he is correct or not. There are already three people in St. Louis who will testify to its efficacy. Mr. Skinner asks but the royalty of a patent.

Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half price: do you not?

Clerk—Yes'm; we always make a 50 per cent reduction on cracked goods. Any thing else to-day?

Customer—Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's fifty cents.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Edison says Friday is his luckiest day.

Burmah boasts a 2,000 year-old tree.

Toys are the most profitable inventions.

Miss Lucy Libby, of Westbrook, Me., died on the 28d of December.

OHIO.

Christmas Cheer at the Institution.

"HANDY ANDY" PLAYED BY PUPILS.

Items of All Sorts.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Christmas Festivals at the Institution began Saturday evening. Though the day was most disagreeable and the evening too made so by heavy rain fall, yet this detracted none of the enjoyments of the 480 children and others, gathered in the chapel to witness the entertainment and gift making from that old fellow, Santa Claus.

A one act drama Christmas evening, was first given by a number of pupils, and at its close another curtain rose and presented a magnificent spectacle. This was Santa Claus, instead of his reindeers, he presented himself in a finely rigged out boat with full set sails and trimmed in gold and silver. What was more, his ship was loaded down with presents in the shape of candy and oranges, which he proceeded to distribute to every one in the house. He promised to come around again next year if we all proved good and worthy of his visit.

As stated last week, there was no Sunday School, a number of the non-resident teachers being allowed to spend Christmas at their homes. In its stead a children's service was held and proved an interesting affair. Superintendent Jones had charged of it, and at same time interpreted the exercise for the parents and friends of pupils present. The programme was as follows:

1. Lord's Prayer by all, Miss Owens leading.
2. Hymn, "Christmas" by John Winemiller and Grace Munger.
3. The birth of Christ. Euna Boyd.
4. The Babyhood of Jesus, Albertha Hannaford.
5. The Boyhood of Jesus, Winnie Jones.
6. Christ the Preacher, Warren Albert.
7. Why we have Christmas, Harley Drake
8. Hymn, "Ring out the Bells," Avoy Van Emon and Lillie McFadden.
9. Doxology by all, Gertrude Neldon, leading.

Monday morning, Christmas proper, the front hall, reception room, and library presented an unusual activity and a stranger to the place, did not need to be reminded what it was about the happy countenances of the boys and girls, the deft spelling jingled off their fingers in their eagerness to be the first to extend the compliments of the day old but to plainly that it was a Christmas greeting party.

At the regular hour, Principal Patterson conducted chapel service with the following as the programme:

1. Hymn, "Come hither, all ye faithful triumphantly sing," Warren Albert and Mary Roush.
2. Scripture reading—St. Luke 2: 1-20.
3. Prayer.
4. Lecture on Christmas Gladness.
5. Hymn, "Joy to the World; the Lord is come," Frank Hupp and Lena Arnold.
6. Doxology.
7. Prayer.

The Christmas dinner came at 12.30 P.M., and was up to the usual standard in excellence. Holly formed the decorations of the room and with bright lights, showy Japanese napkins, roses and carnations at each plate, and snowy white table cloths gave the room a very interesting appearance. The bill of fare alone was enough to do that however, we happened in there just before the pupils were dismissed and saw evidence that the children had more than they could eat of turkey and other good things.

The play for the evening's entertainment, gotten up by McGregor for the regular committee, was "Handy Andy," and proved a good one. Following was the cast of characters and synopsis:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Handy Andy	Warren Albert
Squire Egan	Avon Van Emon
Squire O'Grady	R. P. McGregor
Mr. Murphy	Willi Mayer
Dick Dawson	Harry Mundary
Mr. Furlong	Henry Tudor
Edward O'Connor	Walter Reynolds
Footpads	Gus Kaintz
Servants	Joseph Adelson
Oonah Rooney	Elizabeth De Lancy
Mad Nancy	Grace Munger
Fanny Dawson	Grace Albright

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

SCENE 1. Squire Egan's dressing-room. Andy shows his wonderful ability to make blunders.
SCENE 2. Andy commits a capital crime.
SCENE 3. Squire Egan's dining-room. Mad Nancy comes to the rescue and Furlong stambles into a trap.
SCENE 4. A Mountain glen. Attempted abduction. Andy to the rescue. Tableau.

ACT II

SCENE 1. Street. Andy makes a serious mistake and has an encounter with one of O'Grady's retainers.
SCENE 2. Squire Egan's drawing-room. Purlong discovers his mistake.
SCENE 3. Room in O'Grady's house. Mad Nancy secures some very important documents.
SCENE 4. Landscape. Andy proposes to Oonah and is accepted.
SCENE 5. Squire Egan's drawing-room. Andy explains the difference between good and bad oysters. Andy comes to his rights. General rejoicing. Curtain.

Sunday and Monday, at times it looked as if the reception room was a regular express office from the way boxes and packages came in. However, after the expressman left it took only a short time to clear the room of the accumulations, for they were either immediately carried off by the recipients in person, or sent to them. There were 195 boxes and packages received. The mails also brought a number of parcels, and it is a safe guess to state that fully three-fourths of the pupils were remembered by home friends. There was one commendable thing we noticed and that is that the giving was not all on one side. For several days prior to Christmas, the mail box at times stacked heaping high with packages placed there by pupils to be sent to some loving parent or friend. Though the gift may not have been very valuable in itself, yet the spirit that prompted its making or purchase and presenting, alone is love itself and we are sure the receiver prized it all the more. We do not know why, but it is a fact all the same that an unusual number of relatives of pupils were here to spend the holiday with them. Over 100 were here. Of the deaf visitors in town were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hines, Mr. and Mrs Rion Hall, Miss Laura Gard, Miss Clara Winton and Messrs. Fred. Shanisey, Morse Albert, Albert Horn, Jesse Stewart, Peter Wise, John Reye, Harry Porter, Ray Geer, Elasco Burcham and Robert Holmes.

Miss Clara Winton, of Excello, took her Christmas dinner at home, and made a bee line for Columbus, reaching here in time to witness the evening's entertainment. She is the guest until Tuesday, of Mr and Mrs. McGregor. Last Tuesday evening, a party was tendered her there, and a very enjoyable time had by all who participated in it

Miss Laura Gard is the guest of friends in the city for a while. She is still engaged in drawing and recently made quite a sale of some of her work.

Mrs. Rion Hall, who has been in the city tor some time, staying with her mother, was joined by her husband. Wednesday evening they gave a party to a few of their friends and spent a very pleasant evening. Refreshments were served. The invited were Miss Kitty Munnell, Miss Nettie Jones, Miss Edith Biggam and Miss Barker, sister of Mrs. Hoel, the gentlemen were Messrs. Zorn, Ohlemacher and F. Jones.

The father of Mrs. Zell died Sunday. She with the two children went down to attend the funeral which occurred Tuesday.

Mr. Lewis Conger, former boys' attendant, was looking in upon us Sunday and Tuesday.

Mr. Clarence Charles hied himself to Flint, Mich., to spend Christmas. The place seems to have a strong attraction for him, but he has not told us why. While there he called upon Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt, old Ohioan friends.

The Ladies' Society held its annual election for officers, Thursday evening, and now they are President, Mrs. L. May Greener; Vice-President, Mrs. B. C. Miller; Secretary, Mrs. W. T. Rose; Treasurer, Mrs. Edith Biggam. The society has recently furnished the room for the Superintendent and Matron of the Home. It also sent up its annual Christmas gifts to the inmates, in the way of fruit, cake and candy.

Misses Nettie Jones, Edith Biggam, Nora Patterson and Mrs. B Miller, who operated the stitching machines in the bindery, were each presented with a gold ring with fine settings. The young ladies deserved the gifts, and are proud of their jewel.

The Columbus Deaf-Mute Reading Club, at its meeting Wednesday evening, increased its membership by the addition of Messrs. C. W. Charles and Geo. W. Halse.

An additional sum of $29.45 was received for the Home offering the past week, two contributors, Mr. William Nutt and C. H. Newton, each giving an X.

Mr. McGregor left yesterday noon for Gallaudet College, where he, this evening, will lecture before the "Lit." A. B. G.

Dec. 30, '99.

A CORRECTION.

CHICAGO, JAN. 2d, 1900.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the official announcement of the Illinios Gallaudet Union, the printer has it "reduced fares will be made from all parts of the state and *county*." It should have been *country*. We desire the Deaf from all parts of the country to avail themselves of the low rates.

Respectfully,
O. H. REGENSBERG,
Secretary.



THE SIGN LANGUAGE

Interests *young* and *old*. The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language is a beautiful booklet containing exquisite half-tone illustrations in tints of 68 handsomely costumed girls, each representing by motions a word in the prayer. *Postpaid to any address, 15 cents.*

Deaf Mute Agents Wanted.

Connecticut Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

NEW YORK.

Christmas Festivities at St. Ann's.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES OF NEW YORK'S LEADING SOCIETY.

Trifles Merely Mentioned.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

It must have done the hearts of Doctors Gallaudet and Chamberlain good to see the vast crowd of deaf people who attended the Christmas Tree celebration at St. Ann's last Wednesday evening, December 28th.

It was a typical New York gathering and all creeds were represented A great many of the deaf people brought their children, (in nearly every case hearing children) and they enjoyed the celebration more than their elders did.

Everybody got a present, and more, their money's worth of ice-cream, cake, and really delicious coffee.

The Guild was under very little expense, as most of the eatables and the presents were donated. Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain contributed two hundred bricks of Horton's ice-cream, which added vastly to the Guild's exchequer.

All the printing was a donation from the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and a large dry-goods house gave a beautifully framed work of art, that was presented to Dr. Gallaudet.

Dr. Chamberlain got a pretty ornament for his study, and everybody else went away with some souvenir either useful or ornamental—in some cases both.

Mrs. E. V. Brown, Mrs. Tobin, the three Misses Elsworth, and Miss Jaycox, were in charge of the different departments, and dear old Mrs. Simmons and Miss Cora Scoll had charge of their usual department in the culinary division Messrs. LeClercq, Jones, Baxter and Abrams, served as aides-de-camp on the several staffs.

Of course the real evening's pleasure began with the round of greetings exchanged as the people trooped in, but the "ball was set rolling" when Mr. E. A Hodgson ascended the platform and announced the coming of Santa Claus.

Santa did come, and he looked wonderfully like C. J. LeClercq He made signs like C. J.'s, too, so I guess it was him. Mr. W. G. Jones assisted him in distributing the presents.

In the large gathering I noticed Mrs. Knox, Miss Gallaudet, Mrs. Van Kirk, of Allentown, Pa., and her sister, Mrs. Tayler, of New York; Miss Howard, who has closed her home on the Orange Mountains and is wintering in New York, and Mr. Boxley, of Troy, whose faced beamed with joy.

New Year evening, at 7.30 a dozeh New Yorkers were gathered at the 23d Street Ferry house. Three of them, to wit: Lounsbury, Heyman and Fox, House Committee of the League of Elect Surds, were burdened with big bulging bundles.

Their destination was the dwelling of Chas. A. Schindler, a fellow member who dwells in the romantic precincts of the Williamsburgh section of the Borough of Brooklyn.

At eight o'clock they sat down with the Brooklyn contingent to begin the ceremony of welcoming in 1900. Of course there's no doubt but what 1900 would find its way in whether the Surds had an officially recognized welcome or not, but it would hardly be with equal *eclat*.

The exercises began with the annual "stringing" the members get at the Grand Master's hands, and when he got ready to get through, Ted Lounsbury gave his impersonation of Kris Kringle.

He distributed packages that were neatly tied up, with neatly tied-up jokes.

Brother Souweine, who never smoked in his life, not even corn silk, was embarrassed by the receipt of a clay pipe and a package of "McAlpin's Shorts." He smiled.

Brother Soper got a collection of "tire teasers," some padlocks and other hardware. He giggled.

Brother Heyman, who dwells in a select hash-foundry on Washington Heights, got a collection of vegetables not seen often on boarding house tables. He nodded approval.

Brother Pach, who is raising a beard, got a razor. He demurred

Brother Hoffman, who is a great patron of the delicatessen stores, got a delicate reminder of his penchant. He roared.

Brother Fox got some Black Diamonds. He acquiesced.

Brother Capelli, the Lodge's youngest Pater, got a toy for the Infanta, and was visibly embarrassed.

Brother Bachrach got a horn, which he accepted with becoming dignity.

Brother LeClercq took home two dolls and a baby rattle. He protested.

Brother Schindler got a unique gift, which he carefully concealed.

Kris Ted Kringle Lounsbury then worked a fake auction swindle by disposing of a mysterious package which he solemnly assured his brothers, he had got at a great bargain at Gloomingbales. It was knocked down at 90 cents to the genial Mr Schindler. After opening innumerable packages within packages, a half pound chunk of Para rubber was disclosed, hearing a tag with the inscription "Rubber Neck."

Then followed the usual antics and ceremonies peculiar to the tribe of Surds, and when the infant year was one second old by Moses Heyman's watch, all sat down to a banquet prepared by Mrs. Schindler and assisted by Mrs. Lounsbury and Mrs ——.

Three hours later the party landed back in the civilized section of the city, very vey happy and just a little tired but not enough to count.

President Gass of the Deaf-Mute's Union League was beaten by a small majority for re-election, Simon Hirsch having captured the coveted prize. This was a victory for the young element of the organization, and they also landed two of the other highest offices, thus: S Gomprecht was elected 1st Vice-president, and Jacob Kieber, Jr., 2nd Vice-president. The veterans however were not outgeneralled, for they held a strong grip on two of the most valuable places by electing Messrs Frankenheim and Barchach as secretary and treasurer by big majorities. The secretary is the only paid officer of the Union League. They are to be installed on January 3d.

Mr. E. Souweine has been appointed chief usher at the vaudeville show, and he will have for his assistants about fifteen ushers throughout the house, so that the big crowd will be handled with dispatch and assigned their proper seats.

An indoor football game will be pulled off between the Lexington A. A. of the Lexington Avenue School, and the Emanon A. C., of Harlem, at the American Horse Exchange, Broadway and 50th Street, on Saturday evening, January 13. 1900. The game will start at 8:30 P.M. Tickets are for sale at twenty-five cents, and can be had of some members of the Union League. The Lexingtons beat the Emanons, on Thanksgiving, in an exciting game, by the score of 5 to 0.

Thieves of the coolest kind were successful in ransacking the house formerly owned by Prof. W. G. Jones, on West 158th Street. It occurred on the day after the Professor had moved into his new house, 519 West 162d Street. The contents stolen were the stove, range, gas fixtures and plumbing which belonged to the house. Prof. Jones, who by the way is now comfortably settled in his new modern home, says that the owner of his old property is not bothering himself about the loss. It was the two lots he wanted. The house still stands unoccupied.

Another attempt at robbery was unsuccessful. This occurred on Thursday in the flat of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Capelli. The would-be thief or thieves succeeded in entering their apartment, but must have been frightened away by the neighbors who live in the same house, as nothing of value was stolen.

Sexton Abrams came near losing one of his hands by the carelessness of the trainman on the Eighth Avenue "L" one day last week. It was a narrow escape, and William Scott Abrams has still his arm intact, and the "L" Company has one less suit for damages on its hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Stolowitz are thanking Santa for the most acceptable kind of Christmas gift—a little girl who made her appearance on the 25th. All concerned, including the delighted *pater*, are doing fine.

Lewis Lyons has been enjoying his annual midwinter vacation, which he profits by to the extent of a daily amble from Fulton Street to 125th Street. Mr. Lyons is still full of sporting spirit and proclivities.

A telegram from Troy announces the safe arrival in that city of Clarence A Boxley, collegian, wit, raconteur and athlete, who spent the Christmas holidays in town.

Manager Noonan of the Colonial Hotel entertained Messrs. F. W. Hoffman, T. I Lounsbury, M. Heyman, the JOURNAL's editor and JOURNAL's city representative, with a dinner on New Year's night. Manager Noonan is fond of the boys, and its needless to state that the boys are fond of him.

Mrs. M. Heyman is spending a few days with relatives in Quakerapolis—otherwise, Philadelphia.

Mr. Arlington J. Eickhoff, of the Michigan Institution, was married, on Christmas day, to Miss Anna L. Lennon, of Perry, Mich. Mr. Eickhoff was College Correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, during the term of 1897–98.

PHILADELPHIA.

Santa Claus Arrived Very Late.

BUT REMEMBERED MR. REIDER,

Who Sends All the Information, and Recounts the Happenings of the Week.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Owing to an accident to Santa Claus during one of his wild drives, (as Pastor Koehler wanted us to believe,) the jolly, fat old fellow did not reach All Souls' Parish Hall until last Thursday evening, 28th, of December.

His coming on that date had been heralded far and wide in mutedom, and in consequence some two hundred and fifty people were at the above mentioned place to greet him.

After prayer had been offered by Rev. Mr. Koehler, he delivered an address. With all the oratory that he could command (?), he told how it happened that Santa was so tardy in remembering his people this Christmas, a hint of which is given at the very beginning of this letter. After some more cheering words, he concluded by wishing all the compliments of the season and a pleasant evening.

A hastily formed children's choir, composed of Miss Grace Koehler, Ethel Partington, Walter Syle, Dora Koehler, Irene Syle, and Albert Roop, then sang hymn No. 540, "Once in royal David's City," Mr. Reider signing it at the same time. This singing was appreciated by the hearing persons present.

Presently Mrs. Santa Claus, (impersonated by Mrs. Mary H. Rocap,) appeared on the scene and, bemoaned Santa's late arrival, Mr F. Buch impersonating him. Suddenly, she pointed to the side door and all eyes were turned thither, the children seeming especially delighted to see a man just like one they had seen so often in pictures and books, carrying a big bag full of things. He entered and slowly wended his way on to the platform, where he was warmly greeted by Mrs. Santa, and the two then indulged in a hurried conversation as to how to treat their friends present. Santa was evidently very much fatigued, for he made no effort at speechmaking, but, with a few simple, kind words to the children, began to distribute the contents of his bag among them.

He had greatly miscalculated the number of children, and so the big folks were allowed to share in the good things, many receiving a book, a hat, or some other useful thing. Candy boxes were also distributed and all had a good time.

[During these pleasing exercises, an incident occurred which concerns the writer, "J. S. R.," and, though we should prefer not to report it ourselves, yet we shall do so, thinking that it will be a grateful acknowledgment of a very kind act of friends. We, therefore, hope to be pardoned for the prominence we give our name.]

The incident referred to was a perfect surprise to Mr. Reider. When he was summoned before Santa's throne, he knew no more of it than did tiny Baby Underwood, whose father was responsible for it as the leading spirit.

Mr. Reider had, however, been made aware that Santa Houston, the JOURNAL's agent here, was going to present him with a little something, so, when called up, he responded with a smiling bow, expecting the "littie something," and nothing else. Commanded to a seat on the platform, he obeyed, still unsuspecting any surprise.

Mr. R. D. Ziegler, who was deputed to represent his Majesty, Santa Claus, then proceeded to make a little speech on Mr. Reider's long and faithful service at All Souls', in various capacities, in recognition for which his Bible Class had decided to give him a testimonial.

Now, for the first time, Mr. Reider was aware of what was going to happen, and that he had misjudged and treated his call too lightly.

At a nod from Mr. Zeigler, Mr. R. E Underwood handed him a beautiful Oxford Prayer Book and Hymnal.

It was all he expected, and while he was admiring its beauty, a large Bagster Teacher's Bible was added. Oh, this is enough, he thought.

But another book was brought ——Edersheim's Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah, Volume I, 1899.

Volume II followed soon after. How Mr. Reider wondered! But he had only a few seconds to spare before another volume——"Cruden's Concordance"——was added to the growing pile on his lap.

Still they came, this time a big volume, entitled "The Life and Epistles of Saint Paul," by Conybeare and Howson, 1899. But the end was not yet. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, 1900, was added to the heap.

And lastly, but by no means leastly, a huge book of two volumes in one, entitled "A Commentary on the Old and New Testaments," by Jamieson, Fausset, and Brown, swelled the avoirdupois of Mr. Reider with his holdings up to nearly two hundred pounds.

The reader can imagine how the recipient of the testimonial must have felt at such a show of friendship and good-will by his friends. But the secrecy with which the matter was planned and kept from Mr. Reider until the time of presentation, was so perfect that the act made a very touching impression upon him. So it is not to be wondered that when he made an attempt to give expression to his gratitude, he became visibly affected and the rest of his speech was but a feeble effort. Strange to say, some others among the audience also became affected out of sympathy, as we were informed.

After the above presentation, Mr. Washington Houston, the JOURNAL's faithful agent, then played the role of Santa by presenting the JOURNAL correspondent with a mammoth pencil, which has enclosed a set of writing materials, as a slight token of remembrance.

Thus passed one of the most enjoyable Christmas entertainments which All Souls' parish has had so far. Mrs. M. J. Syle was in charge of this one, as she had been of most former ones, and she gratefully acknowledges the generosity and kind assistance given her by the Festival Committee of the Church of the Holy Trinity, of 19th and Walnut Streets, for candy, books and other gifts, and by Mrs. L. J. Harper, sister of Miss Dora Kintzel, and their mother, Mrs. Kintzel, for hats and other merchandise, which they donated.

Saturday, 6th January, Epiphany, is the tenth anniversary of the death of Rev. Henry Winter Syle It seems hardly possible that the time was so long ago, so fresh is his memory to us. First of the deaf to be ordained to the priesthood, he was also the first of his class to be called to his Master, Truly, "The ways of the Lord are inscrutable." It seems that so soon after he had laid the sure foundation of All Souls', he became entitled to his eternal reward. Long may his memory be cherished.

The five months old boy of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunlop Baker, of Frankford, died of pneumonia on the 28th of December, after an illness of only three days. He was buried on Saturday

On Sunday morning, December 31st, the infant girl of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hackett died. Her name was Mary Rachel. We extend our sympathy to both of the above bereaved families.

The infant girl of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Underwood was christened at All Souls' Church, by Rev. J. M. Koehler, on Sunday afternoon, December 10th She was named Charlotta Isadora. The Godmothers were Mrs. M. Koehler, proxy for her mother, Mrs. Charlotta Kriesel of Baltimore, Md., and Miss Dora Kintzel; and the Godfather was Mr. R. E Underwood, proxy for W. A Kriesel, also of Baltimore.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvannia Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a stated meeting on Thursday evening, 28th of December, at All Souls' Church for the Deaf. President Koehler presided, and there were present besides him, Messrs R. M. Ziegler, Daniel Paul, Jr., Thomas Breen and Jas. S. Reider. The chair stated that the meeting was proposed to be held in Pittsburg, but, as it seemed unlikely to obtain a quorum there, it was changed to this city. J. S. Reider was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

No report was received from Treasurer Allabough, whose books were probably destroyed by the recent fire at the Western Pennsylvania Institution.

The following Trustees of the Society were elected: Dr. A. L E. Crouter, Rev. J. M. Koehler and Mr. S. G. Davidson. The last named person succeeded Rev. Dr. F. J. Clerc, whom the Board relieved with reluctance, seeing no other way, as the charter allows only three Trustees. The number of deaf to hearing on the Board of Trustees is now two to one. The change was made chiefly on account of the increased active work which the Board is expected to do and in no way is intended to reflect upon Dr. Clerc, who is held in the highest regard by the deaf of Pennsylvania.

The Secretary of the Society was instructed to convey to the Board of Trustees the purport of certain resolutions, adopted at the York meeting, in relation to a change in the charter of the Society, so that the number of Trustees may be increased from three to nine.

The Board decided on August 29th, 30th, and 31st, 1900, as the dates for the next meeting of the Society, in Pittsburg. A resolution was adopted, expressing the esteem and affection of the Board for Rev. Dr. Clerc's long and faithful service on the Board of Trustees, which the Secretary *pro tem.* was instructed to convey to the reverend gentleman.

Miss Florence Eckert was tendered a birthday party at her home, on Tuesday evening, December 29th. A pleasant evening was spent. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Eckert, Mrs M. J. Syle, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins, Mr. F. Stumpf, and Mrs. Jemison.

Mr. Lewis I. Ash, of Phoenixville, Pa., is visiting here for a few days.

Mrs. M. Heyman, of New York City, is having a busy time seeing her many friends hereabouts. She is stopping at the Colonade, where she has for company Miss Susie McKinney.

Mr. William H. Lipsett had thirty-five visitors to entertain on the evening of December 24th, and the following evening his visitors numbered forty-four.

Mr. Daniel Paul, Jr., of Carlisle, was in town for a couple of days, last week.

J. S. R.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1900.

Wonderful Moving Pictures at the Eden Musee.

The Eden Musee was one of the first amusement places to take up moving pictures and it secured the Cinematograph, one of the best moving-picture machines. Since that time the Musee has made several improvements which have made moving pictures a complete success. The vibrations of the moving film were reduced, the pictures enlarged, and taken by improved methods. For over a year the Musee has been taking its own pictures and has had represenatatives whenever important scenes were about to take place. Pictures were taken of the Cuban War, and now pictures are being taken throughout South Africa. It was the Musee who first reproduced the Passion Play as well as scenes in color from leading operas. Then came wonderful mysterious pictures which have caused universal admiration and surprise. The latest advance is now being showed at the Musee each afternoon and evening. It is the story in pictures of Cinderella and her Slipper. The pictures were taken in Paris at great expense and over one hundred characters were employed.

Nearly half an hour is taken up by the 100,000 pictures which flash upon the screen at the rate of thirty a second. The story is presented in six tableaux

They begin with the departure of Cinderella's sisters to the ball, leaving her behind The good fairy soon appears and transforms the white rats into a chariot, team of horses and attendants. Then with a wave of the wand comes the ball dress and Cinderella departs to the ball in state. She enters the ball room and bows before the Prince. He is fascinated and dances with her. This dance is an exceedingly pretty affair. At the hour of twelve Cinderella forgets to depart, and the transformation back to her former condition follows. The sisters return and find her as they left her and administer a scolding. The successive scenes show the search of the Prince for the owner of the slipper, his final success, the triumphal march to the church, the crowds of sightseers who dance and sing while the wedding takes place, and the final transformation scene, which is a work of art and in which a good fairy plays the leading part. From start to finish the pictures make one think he is in fairyland, and by thousands of people the pictures have been pronounced the most elaborate ever taken. At other hours during the afternoon and evening, other interesting pictures are shown. Till's wonderful Marionettes give daily performances and there are many other attractions at the Musee.

FOLK LORE.

Be sure that for every fog you get in March you will have a frost in May.

If the thread knots while sewing the sewer will live to see the garment worn out.

If the sun goes down behind a bank of clouds on Friday it will rain on Sunday.

While peacock feathers are kept in the house sickness will never be out of it.

If a pen drops and sticks in the floor, the owner's lover lives in the direction toward which it inclines.

If one mends a garment while wearing it, every stitch taken represents an enemy which will be made.

If a spider is found on one of your garments, it signifies that you will soon have a new one of the same sort.

If a person's two front teeth are wide enough apart to place a gold coin between them, he will always be rich.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, which will last as many days as there are stars inclosed in the circle.

If a hairpin sticks out but does not fall, the wearer will have a disappointment; if it falls her lover is thinking of her.

If a silver coin or fresh-laid egg is placed in the hand of a new-born babe, long life and prosperity will be assured to it.

If a peahen calls, a donkey brays, pigs carry straw, geese flap their wings, a pot boils dry, or the clouds move northward, it will rain.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St.

A Peer of Helen Keller.

For fourteen years Orris Benson has lived in dense darkness and absolute silence, yet he has developed a most cheerful disposition, more than ordinary capabilities for learning and an absolute genius as a modeller. For seven years he has been a pupil in the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which he entered little more than an animated organism, with no sense but that of touch, yt throug patient training under the direction of Enoch H. Currier, principal, he has shown a mental growth and perception that are astonishing and are attracting wide attention.

Orris is sixteen years old. He is the son of a carpenter living at White Lake, Sullivan county, this State, and when two years old suffered from an attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis that deprived him of sight, speech and hearing. He was helpless, and for years was alone in a mental darkness as great as the physical one that surrounded him in his terrible silence. Then he was brought to New York, and the apparently hopeless task of developing mental faculties that were on the road to idiocy through neglect was entered upon.

Miss Bessie L. Nixon was assigned to instruct him, and with a kindly pressure of the hand she tried to impress upon his almost dormant consciousness the fact that she was his friend, wished him well, and would do what she could for him.

With what interest was watched the slow progress of kindling the first mental spark in that almost isolated mind! His gentle teacher communicated to him certain simple inquiries by moving her fingers, according to the manual, within the palm of his hand.

At first the pronunciation of the words was mechanical, and the mental effort was devoted merely to the effecting of the combination of sounds. With presistent practice the boy learned to think out words, the vocal organs were trained into use, and then enunciation came, uncertain at first, but afterward with sufficient clearness to be understood.

After the first certain mental communication was established between teacher and pupil the task became really fascinating.

Every month the mental growth was such that the teach found in the blind deaf boy remarkable powers of intellect, and soon he became the shining light of the institution. So it has gone from that day until this, with remarkable progress at every step.

Orris Benson has become an expert modeller in clay, and the most clever thing he has done is Grant's tomb's in miniature. His eyes have not seen the tomb, and he has not more than touched its massive columns; but he has faithfully copied it, even to the details of oranamentation.

How? He has not even heard a description of it, but he has seen it through the eyes of one of his deaf fellows, and has been told by fingers as clever as his how the beautiful structure looks and how the various details of its architecture are arranged.

This information, carried through the fingers and palm, formed a definite and mainly correct mental picture, which the sightless boy has reproduced in plastic clay, showing wonderful artistic perception and mechanical skill.

This is really a wonderful thing when we consider that the boy knows absolutely nothing of the appearance of buildings, either in general effect or proportions, excepting such information as is conveyed to him through the sense of touch.

He has no memory of sights before he was blind, as his mind was practically a blank when his education was begun seven years ago.

This tomb is the last of the boy's works in clay, the first being a rather rudely executed key, the forming of which gave him intense delight. It has been the same with his other models. The creation of them has given the modeller great pleasure as he has felt them grow into shape under his fingers. Orris' mental activiy is really astonishing, and I wondered greatly at the quickness of perception that he showed.

To his other accomplishments he has added the typewriter, on which he is a most rapid and correct operator, seldom making a mistake. He is quite proud of this accomplishment. His hours at work are given principally caning chairs, at which he is an expert, and at which he will probably earn his living when he is graduated.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Choice of Evils.

Mamma (during a thunder storm) — Now, Ruth, I shall have to go down and take care of the baby, but you must not be afraid, for remember, God is here and will take care of you.

Ruth (calling down the stairs five minutes later.)—You come up here, mamma, and stay with God, and I will come down and stay with the baby.—*Ex.*

Berlin is to have a Von Moltke statue.

How a Cross Was Won.

The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always modest. Not infrequently he is unable to give any account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers. The reporters who "interviewed" soldiers wounded on San Juan Hill had a hard time getting "stories" from them. One such soldier said:

"There isn't a thing to tell. I only went up there, with a lot of other chumps, and got shot. I didn't even have sense enough to know it when I was shot."

Not long ago a French chroniqueur—Montmirail of the Paris *Gaulois*—encountered in a little village of the South of France, a gardener, who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally, the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardner, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bazellies with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By and by all the soldiers were down but me. I had fired the last shot, and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians.

"Well, a general came, and says he, 'Where's your officers?'

"'All down,' says I.

"'Where's your gunners?' says he.

"'All down but me,' says I.

"'And you've been fighting here all alone?' says he.

"'I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns, could I?' I says; and then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."

For the Household.

Little sticks put upon a dying fire will rekindle it, but large sticks will put the fire out.

Many things can be dusted with a damp cloth, followed by a dry one, with advantage, and this plan will remove the dust as no dry cloth can.

An easy way to remove spots of paint from glass is to make a strong solution of soda in hot water and wash the glass with a flannel dipped in this.

Clothing that has become spotted and whose color has been destroyed by acids may have the color restored by applying ammonia and afterward chloroform.

Ripe tomatoes will remove almost any kind of stain from the hands, and they can also be used to great advantage on white cloth, removing ink spots as well as many others.

Occasionally your pet canary bird should be fed with a hard-boiled egg, chopped fine and mixed with cracker crumbs, giving it not more than a thimbleful of the mixture at a time.

Tumblers that have been used for milk should never be put into hot water until they have first been rinsed in cold water. The heat drives the milk in and gives a cloudy appearance to the glass which cannot be removed.

A violet perfume may be easily made by putting half an ounce of arrowroot, broken into small pieces, in a bottle with two ounces of alcohol. Cork tight and shake well. After it has been standing four or five days a few drops placed on a handkerchief will have the odor of fresh violets.—*Sel.*

A Sure Cure.

It is told of Hannah More that she had a good way of managing talebearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The talebearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is unlikely that anybody ever ventured to repeat a gossipy story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be sure a cure for scandal.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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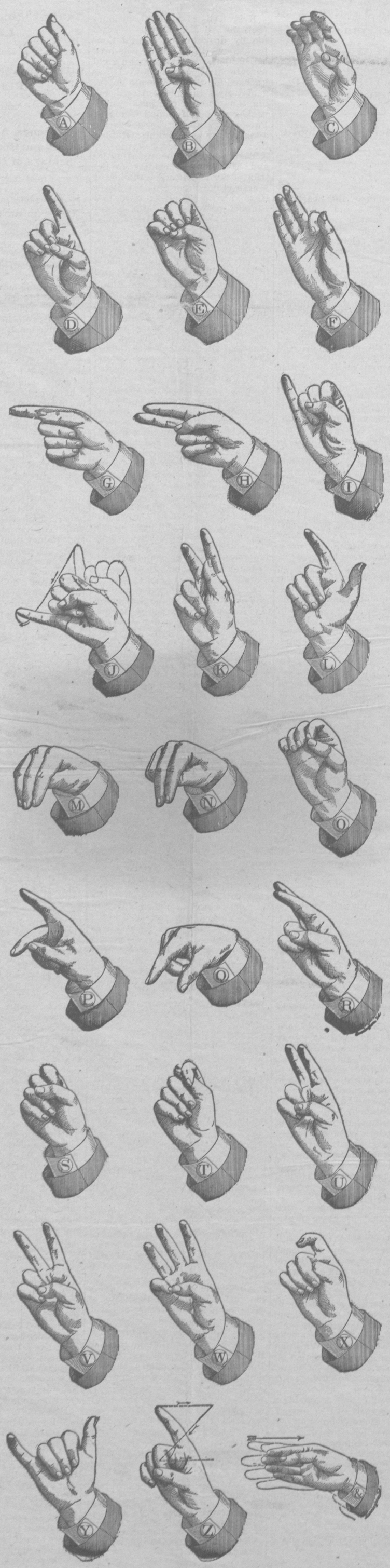
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ARTHUR C. BACHRACH, Treasurer.
ADOLPH PFEIFFER, GEORGE M. TAGGARD, MARX LEVY

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TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR
TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR

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Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

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